

HAPPENINGS

in the BIG CITIES

Policeman Is Taken Prisoner by a Lively Cow

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—A big spotted cow with regulation crumpled horns and a determined cast of countenance captured Patrolman Chambers of the Detroit avenue station the other day and bound him so tightly that it required the united efforts of every person living in Neil terrace, West Eighty-ninth street and Detroit avenue, to free him. Then she started off down the street with him hanging to the end of a chain and flopping like the tail of a kite.

At the "moonings" of the cow and the yells of Chambers all the men at the Detroit avenue station rushed out and managed to corral her in Andrew Hartwell's lively stable. As the door slammed on her, Chambers drew a long breath and began to take inventory of the three hundred odd bones in his anatomy.

"Strange," he muttered in a dazed voice. "I was sure some of them must be broken."

The cow, which belongs to W. H. Ford, tired of her pasture and started to hunt a new one early in the morning. She pulled up the stake to which her chain was attached and started. At the Neil terrace the green lawn of the court attracted her and she tarried long enough to get all tangled up in the chain. Her half-strangled groans and "moonings" awoke every one in the terrace and someone called Patrolman Chambers. With soft words he tried to calm the frightened cow, but failed. She caught him between a tree and herself and proceeded to wind the chain around him. Chambers yelled for help.

The cow then decided to investigate Detroit avenue to the eastward and she took Chambers along. Through lawns and over flower beds she went until the station house was reached at about seven o'clock. The day and night forces were just changing and between the two Chambers' prisoner was subdued.

Buys Meal for a Wayfarer; Lacks Cash to Pay

NEW YORK.—A story is being told of an experience of a wealthy bachelor, a member of a very old New York family, who takes a great deal of interest in charitable work, and who does a lot of investigating on his own account.

Some time ago he was walking on one of the streets of the lowest East side when he was accosted by a wayfarer whose appearance indicated the depths of misfortune and misery. The tramp said he wanted the price of something to eat. The millionaire looked him over.

"I won't give you any money," he said, "but I'll be glad to buy you a good square meal."

The millionaire was very plainly dressed, and the other, after looking him regretfully over, agreed to become his guest. They turned into a restaurant in the vicinity, and the host let the man order what he wanted. He himself ordered a meal and ate.

When it was finished, the millionaire called for his check. When it came, he felt in his pockets. Not a cent did he have. It was an embarrassing moment, but he sought to explain to the waiter.

"None of that stuff goes here; we got too much of that kind of conversation," the attendant informed him. "You pay that check—see!"

The man from uptown called for the manager, and sought to explain the situation, but the manager, too, happened to be from Missouri.

When the millionaire was arguing with the manager, and protesting that he would pay the bill if time was given him, he was surprised by a loud guffaw from the tramp across the table.

"Bo," cried that worthy, leaning over and putting out his hand, "you certainly put one over on me. I never knew anybody could fool me like that. Why, I had no idea you were one of us. I'll pay the check," and he did, producing a sum that was much more than sufficient.

House Lined With Honey Found in Southern City

MOBILE, ALA.—Mobile has a real, sure-enough "honey" residence. It is at the corner of Kentucky and Marine streets, and carpenters say that the walls are practically interlined with honey. Several weeks ago the flooring in the attic of the building, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Gray, and owned by Mrs. Annie B. Fields, began to show unmistakable signs of rotting, although it was far from the ground. Before the floor was taken up, honey began to appear through the boards, and despite efforts to mop the sticky stuff up, it continued to appear.

Mrs. Fields was notified and after being told about the honey she recalled that about five years ago while she was in a large flower garden in the yard and that it attracted a colony of bees to the place.

When the flowers were removed the bees also disappeared. The honey-makers had discovered an abandoned water spout and through this they gained access to the walls and beneath the weatherboarding they proceeded to make pound after pound of honey.

A carpenter was summoned and on the orders of the owner he cut a hole in the side of the house and attempted to smoke the bees out. For his trouble he was stung several times. Between twenty-five and thirty pounds of honey was found near the hole, and this was removed, but it is believed that several hundred pounds must be in other parts of the walls.

The carpenters are of the opinion that a dozen or more colonies of bees inhabit the Gray home.

Mastodon Hog Weighs 1,000 Pounds on the Hoof

BALTIMORE, MD.—One hog, 1,000 pounds on the hoof. H. F. Martin of Hampstead, in the Fifteenth district of Baltimore county, sold an animal of this weight, says the Sun, to H. F. Sharrer, a butcher of Hempstead. It was five years old. Facially and by several other characteristics, it looked like the verisimilitude of the swine tribe, but it had the bulk of a horse—of a large horse. Seeing it move across the field on a moonless night gave one the apprehension that the bachelors or fairies were moving a haystack.

Only now that the western winds have come along does Farmer Martin realize the invaluable boon he lost when he parted with the colossal puerco. Staked on the windward side of the Martin homestead, not a ripple of air could reach the unrepined roof; no whining, convulsive sobs could be wrung from the free and easy weatherboarding.

It might have been that C. P. hog, pig, swine—call it what you will, for there doesn't seem to be any Latin or Dacian designation adequate to embrace the animal's massivity and projection into the circumambient atmosphere—as before said, perhaps it was because the animal's appetite was built along the lines of its displacement or because of the luring offer of nine cents a pound "dressed," that Mr. Martin sold it—at any rate, Mr. Sharrer got the hog.

The carcass dressed down to 798 pounds net, for which Mr. Martin received the monetary equivalent of \$71.82.

Praise. Epictetus, the philosopher, was lame. When he was a young man his master had twisted his leg until it broke. Epictetus writes: "Do you think that because my soul happens to have one little lame leg that I am to find fault with God's universe? Ought we not when we dig, when we plow, and when we eat, to sing this hymn to God, because he has given us these implements whereby we may till the soil? What else can I do, who am a lame old man, except sing praises to God?"

A Great Relief. "Say, old man, you're looking a hundred per cent better than you did a year ago." "I was worrying about my debts then." "All paid now, eh?" "No; but they have grown so that I know there is no use trying to pay them. I tell you it's a great load off my mind."

A Rejection. Knick—Did you lay your heart at her feet?
Knack—Yes; and she stubbed her toe over it walking away.—Judge.

THE SUMMER BOARDER

By JUNE GAHAN.

"I do think you might have told me before I started for home," said Estania in a tone of much suppressed disapproval. "I might have gone up to Uncle Walt's, or stayed with Connie. She asked me to, and I was foolish enough to long for home. If you'd only mentioned it some way in your letters, I'd have understood, and you could have rented my room, too, if you liked, to summer boarders."

"Oh, Tan, you always do roll a snowball up until it chases you down hill. Summer boarders! Anybody's thinking that we'd started right in business just because we happen to have rented out one bedroom and study."

Estania looked over at her sister reproachfully.

"Chester's own bedroom and study." "Tan, don't you dare worry about this, now. It was my doing. You're all out of touch with the way things go here at home, and you don't understand how every last dollar counts. You trot off to town when you feel like it, and paint in a studio all winter, and give lessons, and go to the opera, and haven't a thing to do but keep Tan Shapin in a good humor. And Chester's just like you."

"You might leave poor old Ches out of it," interposed Estania, distantly.

"He's right in it," Vic laughed. "If he had come home this summer and helped as he should have done, we would not have had to insult the family self-respect by taking in ten dollars a week regularly."

"Where's mother?" "Gone boasting with Mr. Pomeroy," very demurely. "He has been just dear, Tan, with mother. He's got a motor boat, a perfectly water-tight, tame one that he keeps down at the club dock, and he takes her out every day for a trip down the bay."

"Mother?" with raised eyebrows. "Dear, no—the boat; but mother does go often and so do I. He's a friend of the Barclays and wanted to be near them for the summer. We think it's Margaret so far."

Estania turned with her traveling cloak and suitcase, almost colliding at the bend of the staircase with a young man who was hurrying down three steps at a time. He was tall and dark, thoroughly shabby.

"Pardon me. Awfully clumsy and unlucky I am, anyway. Say, Vic, your mother wants her gray veil to tie around her hair—and her coat."

He stood out on the broad veranda waiting while Vic hunted for the things.

Estania could not explain her feelings. Somehow the summer boarder grew to represent to her all the fallen fortunes of the little home, and she resented his very existence. If Chester had been there, it could never have happened. But Chester was one of the smooth-faced lieutenants facing his first battle smoke on one of the big gray ships in the Gulf.

Then came a fateful day. Mr. Pomeroy had gone for a shore tramp with Vic. Mrs. Chapin was taking a nap. It was a golden day out of doors, and Tan had decided to paint a water color of the garden. She wanted a certain camp stool that Vic had handed over with anything else he wanted, to the summer boarder. Estania ventured into his room to recover her property.

Inside the door she stopped. Facing her on the bureau was a very good photograph of herself, one that she had sent to Chester just before his sailing south. Yet it confronted her now, and it was enshrined on Bruce Pomeroy's dresser.

She went down quietly without the camp stool, and waited determinedly for the return of Mr. Pomeroy. He came with Vic along the beach, strolling leisurely. Vic ran into the house to help with dinner, and Bruce threw himself down on the grass in front of the angry goddess.

He heard her in silence, merely nodding assent to every accusation she made. Yes, he had known Chester very well indeed; chums at Annapolis. He himself had given up the navy when his father had died, and now subsisted most comfortably on an income derived from shoe manufacture.

"Awfully unpoetic, isn't it?" he smiled at this confession.

"And you gained possession of my picture from Ches?"

"I did," he acquiesced cordially. "I saw it when he was packing, and it interested me. Then I knew Peggie Barclay and she coaxed your blessed mother into taking pity on a lone bachelor, and letting me stay here for the summer. I had an idea at that time, you know, that you'd come home, and I'd see you."

Slowly Estania's dignity began to ebb away. She stared out at a vagrant sea gull that swept in narrowing circles over the little boat dock below them.

"I'm afraid I've been a perfect cat," she said slowly. "I had no idea that you were a chum of Chester's."

"I'm going to be more than that," Bruce answered, rather soberly. "I'm going to be his brother-in-law. Vic just promised me that joy."

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Her Reason.

Little Emma Blase—"I wish you and papa would get divorced." Her Mother—"Divorced? Why, dear?" Little Emma Blase—"Little Myrtle Wayupp's papa and mamma are, and she sees each of them six months in the year, and I don't see you and papa at all."—Puck.

The Slow Hired Man.

"I have heard that a growing pumpkin or melon vine will in a few days reach a pall of water left near it," said the farmer's wife, at the evening lamp.

"Well, my hired man will do the same thing," replied the farmer; "but it will take him at least that long to do it."

Persistent Man.

Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?" Hardup—"Yes, rather. He's always asking for it."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 21

THE GREAT REFUSAL.

LESSON TEXT.—Mark 10:17-18. GOLDEN TEXT.—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Luke 16:13. (Read also entire verse.)

The story of this rich young ruler is one out of the ministry of our Lord that has made an indelible impression throughout every succeeding generation. This is so because it is so vital, vibrant and vivid a revelation of our every-day experience. The lesson naturally divides itself into two sections. Read carefully the parallel accounts; Matt. 19:16-30 and Luke 18:18-30.

Man of Courage.

I. An Eager Young Man, vv. 17-22. This man is an arresting figure. Much may be said in his favor: (1) He was young (Matt. 19:23); (2) He was in earnest, "came running" (v. 17); (3) He was educated, "a lawyer," Luke 18:18; (4) He was rich, Mark 10:22; (5) He was loved by Jesus, Mark 10:21. That he had lived a clean life is revealed by the answers he made to Jesus. Moreover he must have been a man of some courage, belonging as he did to the ruling class, the Pharisees, yet he came running into the presence of Jesus and cast himself at his feet. We need but to recall that this class was at this time definitely hostile to Christ, yet this young man dared to speak the conviction of his heart in this public way by calling Jesus, "good." We feel that he was an honest seeker after life. His question reveals the unrest of the human heart. It matters not what men may possess of wealth or position, these things do not bring heart rest. Great moral courage, noble aspirations and benevolence never will save nor fully satisfy the human soul. Man does not obtain life by doing. Gal. 2:16. Life is a gift. Rom. 6:23. We must not misunderstand the reply of Jesus (v. 18). Jesus did not deny being good. John 8:46; 14:30; 8:29, but he saw that this young man was filled with the idea of his own goodness. To say that Jesus was good was practically to say he was God, and this the young man did not mean. Jesus sought to reveal to him his careless use of words. Jesus undoubtedly here lays claim to deity and subsequently he said (v. 21) "follow me," i. e., for this man to yield his life actually to the control of God.

Jesus began where the young man lived, within the law, the spirit of which is "do and thou shalt live"; but he quickly revealed to this self-confident one that though he professed "all these things have I observed" yet he was mistaken and tremendously self-deceived. So far as he went he made a correct interpretation of his own need but the selfish teacher revealed to him his one great lack. His life was not really controlled by God and at once Jesus created an opportunity for him to yield himself to a life of wholehearted service. He touched the vital spot, for the supreme test in the way of allowing God to rule was to set aside the rule of wealth, position, and selfishness.

Last week we were taught to "make friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when it shall fail they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." This is exactly what Christ told this young man to do. "Sell" give to the poor." By thus using he would store up treasure in heaven. That he could not stand the test is evident from v. 22. However, beyond this simple record we can only speculate. We trust, however, that his sorrow may have been that which "worketh repentance," II Cor. 7:10. This much is certain: Jesus presented to him his greatest opportunity. Two paths were opened before him, one straight and narrow, and one broad and easy to follow. Which did he take? His one lack may have been fatal.

Perils of Riches.

II. The Master's Exhortation, vv. 23-31. As a great teacher and philosopher Jesus took this occasion to point out the perils of riches. Nearly every man is willing to run the risk. We have, however, but to look about us to see illustration after illustration of the truth of these words. "How hardly"—increased wealth, decreased piety. "How hardly"—men seek to tone down this picture, but have no right so to do. The only safety is found in the words of verse 27, "with God all things are possible." The most severe test possible to be given to a man's religious experience is for him to be prospered in wealth or position. The rich young ruler is an evidence of the fact that such a godless life is a restless one.

Notwithstanding his possessions, his refinement, the privileges of his position and a life so cleanly lived as to leave no vulgar moral scar, yet he exclaimed: "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It was easier for the proverbial camel to have entered the city gate (or a literal Jew's eye as you prefer) than for this young man to yield to God the control of his life. Every life is under control. A godless life is a self-controlled life. As men came to Jesus he saw perfectly their individual needs; their peculiar malady.

The disciples were amazed at the master's words and thought if a rich man cannot be saved there is hope for none. Such is not the meaning. This is revealed in the reply to Peter's question. Men are saved irrespective of position or of possessions for God loves them all. Those who turn the control of their lives over to his keeping, those who, no matter what their condition or position in life, follow him, leaving all, or bringing all as the case may be, will have their reward here in this life and in the world to come, eternal life.

SINGS PRAISE OF "BIGNESS"

Writer in Leslie's Weekly Sees Good in Everything That Has Qualification of Size.

Big! It is said that the soil that produces big crops is found where big men abound. After all bigness is something of which every one is proud. California boasts of its big trees, Oregon and Washington of their big apples, Texas of its big territory, Oklahoma of its big oil wells, Colorado of its big mines. New England of its big mills, Alabama of its big iron deposits, Pennsylvania of its big steel industry and New York of its big banks. Everywhere bigness is the boast of civilization. Nations vie with each other to command the biggest part of the world's trade. In this great struggle for commercial supremacy the United States, during the past decade, has been among the foremost because of its big men in the industrial, the railway and professional fields. The product of this bigness of men has been a big country with big wages. Let us stop caviling and finding fault. Let us put end to busting and smashing, and give the widest opportunity for individual effort. Encourage bigness of the factory and the pay envelope alike. Give big brains a chance, whether in bank, counting room or workshop. Bigness pays.—Leslie's Weekly.

Man's Life Outlays.

An eccentric personage has just died in a town in the west of France at the age of seventy-seven. When he was eighteen years of age he began to keep a book of personal expenses. For 52 years he jotted down every item. During this period he smoked 628,713 cigars. Of this number 43,692 were presented to him by friends. For the remaining 585,021 he spent the sum of \$2,040.

He had bought 86 pairs of trousers, which cost him \$292; 75 jackets and waistcoats for \$160, and 62 pairs of shoes for \$66. He used 300 shirts and 354 collars, for which he paid \$263. His omnibus and tram fares came to \$52. In 15 years he drank 23,875 bottles and 40,303 small glasses of liquor, and spent on them \$1,104, plus \$249 in tips.—Glasgow Evening News.

In Difficulty.

A newly-married young woman had a gas cooker fixed in her kitchen. The gas company sent her a card of rules, with instructions to study them well, and what she couldn't understand they would explain to her. Imagine the clerk's surprise the next morning when he read the following note: "Dear Sir—I can understand all the rules except the one at the bottom of the card—'See other side.' It's impossible to see the other side; the man has fixed it against the wall."

Modern Life.

"Your wife seems rather nervous." "Yes; she is keeping up with six continued stories in the magazines and four in the movies."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Accounting for it. "Sniffkins has a screw loose." "Maybe that is why he is always trying to make himself tight."

Make floral offerings to your friends before they reach the point where they are unable to sniff the fragrance.

Quiet Desired. Wife—Do you love me still, dear? Hubby—When I'm trying to read the paper I do.—Boston Transcript.

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The Sergeant's Resource.

Now the United States has sent a military expedition to Mexico we shall hope to hear something of Sergeant Murphy, says London Tit-Bits. During some maneuvers in the Philippines the sergeant was in charge of a patrol. The men, when getting tired of the day's operations and eager to get back to camp and supper, came to a mountain torrent spanned by a bridge which was unluckily placarded "Destroyed." Much averse to a long detour, Sergeant Murphy did a little reconnoitering, and finding no sign of an enemy in the neighborhood, led his men to the bridge. Half-way across they were surprised by a galloping officer. "Hi!" he shouted. "Can't you see that this bridge is supposed to be destroyed?" "Sure, I do, sir," answered Murphy; "but this department is supposed to be swimming."

Nature's Wonders.

Swipes—Say, Chimmie, I wuz out in de country yesterday. Chimmie—What'd'ye see dere? Swipes—Lots o' grass what you needn't keep offa, by jing—Puck.

Horn Jewelry.

Billy—I hear that Paris is wearing sandals and rings upon the toes. Wilby—Hope we will soon adopt the style. I have a magnificent bunton that I can parade as a cameo.

Pertinent.

Tom—What was the result of the election in Mexico? Dick—Dunno. Who was shot?—Judge.



"Johnny on the Spot"

When breakfast has to be prepared in a hurry—
When something appropriate is wanted quick for afternoon lunch—
When thoughts of a hot kitchen appall one—
Whenever the appetite calls for something deliciously good and nourishing—

Post Toasties

—with cream, and, say—berries or peaches!

These sweet flakes of corn—toasted crisp—satisfy summer needs. Ready to eat from the package—no bother—no work—no fussing. A food with delightful flavour.

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